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1900! Hawaiian Scenic Calendar 1900!

This popular Calendar for 1900 will be by far the finest piece of work ever gotten up for this trade. It now enjoys a larger circulation than all other similar calendars combined. The publisher found it necessary to get out a THIRD edition this last year in order to fill the large and increasing demand. (THE FIRST EDITION WAS 2,000.) This 1900 Calendar will be the "Ne Plus Ultra" Calendar of the year! Don't buy any but the best, and the friends to whom it is sent will bless you always and for aye! The following is an extract from a letter to the publisher received from the finest Art and Photo Printers in Chicago, who have the printing of the "Hawaiian Scenic Calendar" for 1900:

"We will be able to furnish you with a piece of work as attractive and artistic as anything that has ever reached the Islands. We therefore appreciate the confidence you have placed in us, and we shall see to it that none of the details are slighted," etc.

The cover this year will be a copy of Hitchcock's painting of the Volcano in eruption last July, in oil colors, and the Calendar will give the temperature of Honolulu for every day in the year, with the rainfall for the past fifteen years. A new departure will be FOUR of the best pieces of Hawaiian music in the back of the Calendar, including the National Anthem. The Calendar will be put up in an extra heavy mailing envelope, and will be ready for delivery in time to reach the States and Europe before the New Year. The price will be 50 cents!

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AT TRIANGLE CLUB

An Address by the Negro Attorney.

T. McCants Stewart's Delightful Talk
on a Half Hour With the
Poet Whittier.

At the last meeting of the Triangle Literary Club, Mr. T. McCants Stewart took part in the program, contributing a very interesting essay, entitled "A Half Hour With Whittier," which reads as follows:

Some one has truly said: "Give me the making of a nation's ballads, and I care not who makes its laws." No matter if this saying must now be modified in this noon-day of the world's civilization, when the press has become such a mighty power, yet it cannot be denied that the poetry of a nation has a tremendous influence upon its legislation, its life. The songs of David and Solomon were the inspiration of Israel. Someone says the "Shah Nameh" of Persia presents, even to this generation the fact of song power in Persian civilization. Richer, grander, more original than any literature of antiquity: transcending in its beauty, its glory, its power, even that of Rome; unsurpassed by the accumulated wisdom and literary achievements of all previous centuries is the literature of Greece. Her civilization touched high-water mark in human history ante-dating Christ. Emerson says of Plato, for instance, that Plato is philosophy, and philosophy Plato; and that the accumulated philosophical wisdom of the centuries succeeding him is but the echo of what that great master mind conceived and wrote. Back of Grecian literature, behind Grecian polity, inspiring Grecian civilization, were the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" of Homer, and the "Theogony" and "Work and Days" of Hesiod; were the burning rhapsodies of Pindar, and the enchanting strains of the violet crowned Sappho, the sound of whose sweet poetic lyre fell upon the Greek nation like the gentle showers of early spring.

The poetry of Greece stimulated, fostered, promoted its civilization, and has influenced the human race, and especially the Christian nations, all down the ages. There has been no gap, no break in the poetic line from Homer to Whittier. Intellectual achievement is the outcome of evolution. Our status, in every direction, is largely the measure of heredity. Of course there is great danger of laying too much stress on the forces of heredity. There is a bit of truth in what a rough hotel clerk, in the "wild and woolly West," once said to a traveller, who boasted of his deceased ancestry. The clerk said, "Well, Stranger, we don't take any stock in daddism in this country, because ancestry is often like the potato, the best part being underground." And yet, no fact in sociological and evolutionary study is appearing more clearly than this fact, that heredity is the basic cause making temperament, character, manhood. Whittier is a conspicuous illustration of it. He stood for freedom, just as his ancestors had stood for freedom. They made themselves exiles from home because they could not and would not stand the tyranny of the Stuarts. They represented that large class of English and Scotch yeomanry who would not "bend the hinges of the knee that thrift might follow fawning."

The seed, from which Whittier was evolved, was planted in that most eventful period of the history of the English speaking world, when freedom and tyranny met in a death-struggle. The death of Queen Elizabeth was followed by a fierce contest between the throne and the people—one standing for absolute sovereignty and the other for constitutional liberty. It ended with the execution of Charles I. It was during this struggle that the absurd and undemocratic doctrine of "the divine right of kings" was first proclaimed. No period in the history of any nation marks a fiercer struggle for royal power to fasten upon the people the shackles of civil and religious serfdom, and nowhere is there evidence of more determined resistance and of complete triumph on the part of the people. It was within this period that the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock in Massachusetts; it was within this period that the spirit of Whittier became incarnate; and it was then that his ancestors emigrated from England and settled near Haverhill in Massachusetts.

Born in the same rugged and hilly country with Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, his soul partook of the ruggedness of his physical environments, and the quiet of rural surroundings influenced his whole life. Like Tennyson, he shunned publicity; he disliked display; he avoided the "glare of the footlights." But this was not owing to lack of sympathetic or social qualities. It was an inborn gentleness of nature. It was said of his ancestors, that they

declined to make use of the garrison house at Haverhill as a defense against the Indians, preferring to rely on kind treatment of them. While the neighbors of the Whittiers shut themselves up in fortified places to sleep, his grandfather left his house unguarded and undefended. He was often visited by the Indians, whom he treated hospitably; and at night the family often heard them moving around the house, and saw their grim faces peering in at them through the windows. They were keeping guard against attack upon the Whittiers by their own people. Worshipping as I do the sweet bard of Ayr, who, though faulty like the Royal Psalmist of Israel, is of ennobling influence and immortal fame, I note with pride and pleasure the fact that Burns inspired and influenced Whittier more than any other human being. When a lad, an old Scotchman, passing through the country, was compelled by darkness to ask food and shelter for the night at the Whittier cottage. After supper he sang "Bonnie Hae We Wallace Bled," and "nie Doon," "Highland Mary," "Scots Auld Lang Syne." Soon after this Whittier's school teacher took a volume of Burns' poems to Whittier's father's house and read "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and other poems. Whittier was indelibly impressed. Burns entered into his soul. In an autobiography, Whittier says this: "I begged him to leave the book with me, and I set myself at once to the task of mastering the glossary of the Scottish dialect. This is the first poetry I ever read, with the exception of that of the Bible, and it had a lasting influence upon me. I noticed that he left the book on the table on retiring, so I rose at gray dawn next morning and read for myself. I read Burns every moment I had to spare. And this was one great result of my communion with him, I found that the things, out of which poems came, were not, as I had always imagined, somewhere away off in a world, and lying outside the edge of our own sky; but they were right here about my feet and among the people I knew. Common things of our common life, I found, were full of poetry. Burns is to me the noblest of our race. He was the first poet I read and he will be the last." He then laid tribute at his master's feet in the shape of that beautiful poem, entitled "Burns," whose simplicity and sweetness stamp it with immortality.

The Muse of Poetry threw her mantle over Burns, while he was at the plow. She threw her mantle over Whittier while he was at the plow. In 1831, while working on his father's farm, taking his place in the fields with the hired hands, and driving his team in the autumn days to market, to exchange his apples and vegetables for salt fish from the coasting vessels, his "Voices of Freedom" was published; and immediately the world recognized the fact that a new star appeared in the sky of poetry. I have not the time to attempt an analysis of his poems. I can only point out one or two striking features of them. Like Burns, simple things start his lyre; like Burns, he is the Poet of Humanity; following his own individuality, he is the Poet of Freedom. His "Songs of Freedom" were the rallying cry of abolition; his burning rhapsodies awakened the conscience of the nation. But his vision took in all humanity, and his sympathetic soul embraced all forms of human suffering. His poetic outburst had much to do with the passage of the law abolishing imprisonment for debt. His "Snow Bound," which is, perhaps, the best of his heavy poems, bears in its structural elements the impress of Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night." It is in evidence in almost every page of his poems, that simple things aroused his poetic genius. A judge takes a drink of water from the hand of a rural maid, and we have "Maud Muller." An old woman risks her life putting up the flag that bullets hurled down, and we have "Barbara Frietie," and so on throughout the volume, but even more markedly.

What makes Whittier a blessed heritage is his sweet life of Christian simplicity. Back of his genius, back of his outcry for suffering humanity, back of his plea for human freedom, was Christ, was a deep sense of responsibility for the use he made of his life. He breathed all this in his poem entitled "My Soul and I."

Then again he shows his broad charity and keen sympathy with struggling humanity in his poem, "The Prayer Seeker."

The man who will never die are those whose poetry covers and portrays human experiences or in some way touches the human heart. The pathos of Burns' "John Anderson, My Jo;" the touch of sadness in Longfellow's "Bridge;" the "Alas" of Whittier's "Maud Muller," will keep them fresh in human memory as long as time shall last. We forget, except in name, the majestic "Paradise Lost," but Milton's "Divine Comedy" will never die. We would forget the gorgeous "Lalla Rookh," did not Moore preserve it by making his enchanting "Paradise and the Peri" a part of his splendid poem. We forget Tennyson's "In Memoriam" with its weight of philosophy and its majesty of rhythmic measure, but we read over and over again, and often weep as we read "Enoch Arden." And so it is throughout the wide domain of literature. Those contributions to human learning are immortal only where they touch the human heart.

The poems of antiquity lie dust covered upon the shelves of our public libraries, seldom entering our homes. Why? Because there is little in them that appeals to the human heart. But Whittier will never be left upon dusty covered shelves to serve simply as a monumental reminder of departed poetical styles and standards. The songs he sung will be the outcry of suffering, or the cheer of consolation; will be the exhortation to effort, or the plea for rest; will, like the sacred songs of David, inspire, assure comfort, all along the ages unto generation after generation, forever and forever.

AN URGENT NEED

Hospital Wanted Here for Incurables.

The Case of John Norris, a Present Illustration - Was Refused Hospital Treatment.

The case of John Norris is one more illustration of the urgent need of a hospital for incurables in Honolulu. On Thursday morning last Dr. Hodgins, at the request of the Charitable Aid Board, called at Mrs. Sylva's boarding-house on Beretania street and found Norris prostrated with apoplexy. Summoning the patrol wagon he had the man removed to the Queen's Hospital. On arrival there the authorities refused the sufferer admission on the grounds that there was no accommodation for such cases, and the age of the applicant, 73 years, placed him on the list of incurables.

The patrol wagon was compelled to return and later in the day the sick man was taken in hand by the Strangers' Friend Society and the Charitable Aid Board.

In conversation yesterday afternoon Dr. Hodgins stated that "the present was Norris' first stroke of paralysis, and although his age rendered recovery doubtful, there was no reason why his case should be considered incurable and the patient refused admission to the only institution in the city where proper attention could be given him." Mr. Eckhart, of the Queen's Hospital, said the case "was parallel with that of Mr. Hose, who in 1897 was admitted under similar circumstances, and remained till his death, nine months later. Absolutely no accommodation for such cases is provided at the Queen's Hospital, where there are but two foreign wards, one with fifteen and the other with ten beds, and in justice to casual patients, a case of paralysis could not be received there, as a little consideration will show. It is much to be regretted that the apparently harsh action of the authorities should have been found necessary, but until steps are taken to remedy the present unhappy state of affairs, similar cases will, of necessity, have to be so treated."

CALIFORNIA TIDAL WAVE

Humboldt County Struck by Huge Breakers—Some Casualties.

FERNDALE, Nov. 15.—A tidal wave struck the coast of Humboldt this morning. Jack Lafranchi, a dairyman, aged about 35 years, and his sister, aged about 30 years, who were traveling to Ferndale in a wagon, were caught while crossing the beach between Centerville and West Point, their home, and were carried to sea and both drowned. Their team and wagon were washed back to shore and the horses were saved, though the wagon was badly demolished. A peddler who was on the beach behind them lost his span of horses and narrowly escaped himself.

At Dungan's Ferry, about three miles from the mouth of Eel river, the wave was twelve feet high. The Eel river marshes were flooded, the water going over the dykes of the reclaimed land, but no particular damage was done. The water in Salt river was up to high freshet mark or nearly so, and the sloughs through the low lands were more than bank full. The bodies of Lafranchi and sister have not yet been recovered. Stage Driver Johnson of the Montecito-Ferndale stage line says he never saw a heavier sea running than prevailed today, and he has traveled the beach for years.

THE MCGIFFERT CASE.

Sensational Heresy Charges That May Be Dropped.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—The case of Professor Arthur C. McGiffert of the Union Theological Seminary, who is charged with holding views that are at variance with the doctrines of the Presbyterian church, came before the presbytery today and was referred to the general assembly. A committee was appointed last June to confer with Professor McGiffert and prevail upon him to withdraw from the church or at least modify his views. Meetings have been held, which Professor McGiffert attended, but he steadfastly refused to recede from the stand he had taken on certain church matters, saying that he had been misunderstood. The general assembly prepared expressly for Professor McGiffert's case an outline of the fundamental principles of the church. These were:

1.—That the statements of the Holy Scriptures are absolutely truthful, i. e., free from error when interpreted in their natural and intended sense.
2.—That in Jesus Christ there were two whole, perfect and distinct natures, the God head and manhood, being inseparably joined together in one person, without conversion or confusion, so that he was in no particular liable to error.
3.—That the Lord's supper was instituted by the direct and personal act of Jesus Christ, to be observed in his church unto the end of the world.
4.—That God justified men by imputing the obedience and satisfaction of Christ to them, they receiving and resting upon him in all his righteousness by faith, which faith they receive as the gift of God.
It is only the last of these statements that Professor McGiffert accepts as it stands.

The committee to whom the matter was referred was composed of Rev. Dr.

Robert F. Sample (chairman), Rev. Dr. John B. Shaw, Rev. Dr. R. H. Hood, and Rev. Dr. John C. Bass, and one following elders: William Magee, Oscar E. Lloyd and Tans B. Meigs.
Mr. Lloyd was the only one of the committee who had been present at the meeting of the presbytery.

The report was unanimous. Its essence was that the case should be referred to the general assembly, which meets in St. Louis next May. The report was accepted and ordered to be printed for private distribution among the members of the presbytery and made made the order of the day at the December meeting.
At the conclusion of the reading of the report, Professor Francis Brown, Dr. Howard Agnew Johnson and Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke read suggestions in which it was advised that the controversy over Professor McGiffert be dropped. Dr. Johnson's paper was heard first, then Professor Brown's and Dr. Van Dyke's and they were in substance alike. Dr. Van Dyke said that, while a majority did not agree with Professor McGiffert, the wisdom of a heresy trial was doubtful, and might result in harm to the Presbyterian cause. In view of preparations for a series of Presbyterian convocations in this city this fall and winter the postponement of the discussion on the subject and the reference to the general assembly is thought desirable.

Ill Treatment of a Hackman.

At about 11 o'clock last night two officers and six soldiers held up hack No. 215 driven by a Japanese named Nakato, at the corner of Pauahi and River streets. Their demand to be driven to their vessel met with no response. The hackman was expected, one of them snatched the lines from the driver's hands, at the same time striking him a blow on the face. The animal was urged to his top speed, but on account of his heavy load, fell and broke one of the shafts of the hack, whereupon the soldiers rescued the unlucky hackman with few samples of wit in payment for his trouble.

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